

CAMDEN COMMERCIAL COURIER.

L. M. JONES, & Co. PUBLISHERS.

"AT THE PUBLIC GOOD WE AIM."

M. M. LEVY, Editor.

VOL. I.

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY JULY 8, 1837.

NO. 10.

TERMS

COMMERCIAL COURIER;
Published weekly every Saturday morning at \$3 per annum if paid in advance, or \$4 if not paid until the expiration of the year.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at \$1 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cts. for every continuance.
Persons subscribing out of the State, are required to pay in advance.
Communications must be post paid.

A MARVELLOUS TOWER.

A SPANISH LEGEND.

The morning sun shone brightly upon the cliff built towers of Toledo, when King Roderick issued out of the gate of the city, at the head of a numerous train of courtiers and cavaliers, and crossed the bridge that crosses the deep and rocky bed of the Tagus.—The shining cavalcade wound up the road that leads among the mountains, and soon came in sight of the Necromantic tower.

King Roderick and his courtiers arrived wondering and amazed, at the foot of the rock. Here was a narrow arched-way cut through the living stone, the only entrance to the tower. It was closed by a massive iron gate, covered with rusty locks of divers workmanship, and in the fashion of different centuries, which had been affixed by the predecessors of Don Roderick. On either side of the portal, stood the two ancient guardians of the tower, laden with the keys appertaining to the locks.

The king alighted, and approaching the portal, ordered the guardians to unlock the gate. The hoary headed men drew back with terror. "Alas!" cried they, "what is it your majesty requires of us. Would you have the mischiefs of this tower unbound, and let loose to shake the earth to its foundations?"

The venerable Archbishop Urbino likewise implored him not to disturb a mystery which had been held sacred from generation to generation, within the memory of man; and which Cesar himself, when sovereign of Spain had not ventured to invade. The youthful cavaliers, however, were eager to pursue the adventure, and encouraged him in his rash curiosity.

"Come what come may," exclaimed Don Roderick, "I am resolved to penetrate the mystery of this tower." So saying, he again commanded the guardians to unlock the portals. The ancient men obeyed with fear and trembling; but their hands shook with age, and when they applied the keys, the locks were so rusted by time, or of such strange workmanship, that they resisted their feeble efforts; whereupon the young cavaliers pressed forward, and lent their aid. Still the locks were so numerous and difficult, that with all their eagerness and strength, a great part of the day was exhausted before the whole of them could be mastered.

The patience of the king was now exhausted, and he advanced to apply his hand; scarcely, however did he touch the iron gate, when it swung slowly open, uttering as it were, a dismal groan, as it turned reluctantly upon its hinges. A cold damp wind issued forth, accompanied by a tempestuous sound. The hearts of the ancient guardians quaked within them, and their knees smote together; but several of the young cavaliers rushed in, eager to gratify their curiosity, or to signalise themselves in their redoubtable enterprise. They had scarcely advanced a few paces, however, when they recoiled, overcome by the baneful air, or by some fearful vision. Upon this the king ordered that fires should be kindled to dispel the darkness and to correct the noxious and long imprisoned air; he then led way into the interior, but, though stout in heart, he advanced with awe and hesitation.

After proceeding a short distance, he entered a hall or ante-chamber, on the opposite side of which was a door; and before it, on a pedestal, stood a gigantic figure, of the color of bronze, and of a terrible aspect. It held a huge mace, which it whirled incessantly, giving such cruel and resounding blows upon the earth, as to prevent all further entrance.

The king paused at sight of this appalling figure; for, whether it was living, or a statue of magic artifice, he could not tell. On its breast was a scroll, whereon was inscribed in large letters, "I do my duty." After a little while Roderick plucked up heart, and addressed it with great solemnity: "Whatever thou be," said he, "know that I come not to violate this sanctuary, but to inquire into the mysteries it contains; I conjure thee therefore, to let me pass in safety."

Upon this the figure paused with uplifted mace, and the king and his train passed unmolested through the door.

They entered a vast chamber, of a rare and sumptuous architecture, difficult to be described. The walls were encrusted with the most precious gems, so joined together as to form one smooth and perfect surface. The lofty dome appeared to be self supported, and was studded with gems, lustrous as the stars of the firmament. There was neither wood, nor any other common or base material to be seen throughout the edifice. There were no windows or other openings to admit the day, yet a radiant light was spread throughout the place, which seemed to shine

from the walls, and to render every object distinctly visible.

In the centre of this hall stood a table of alabaster, of the rarest workmanship, on which was inscribed in Greek characters, that Hercules Alcides, the Theban Greek, had founded this tower in the year of the world three thousand and six. Upon the table stood a golden casket, richly set round with precious stones, and closed with a lock of mother-of-pearl; and on the lid were inscribed the following words:

"In this coffer is contained the mystery of the tower. The hand of none but a king can open it; but let him beware! for marvelous events will be revealed to him, which are to take place before his death."

King Roderick boldly seized upon the casket. The venerable archbishop laid his hand upon his arm, and made a last remonstrance—"Forbear, my son," said he, "desist while there is yet time. Look not into the mysterious decrees of Providence. God has hidden them in mercy from our sight, and it is impious to rend the veil by which they are concealed."

"What have I to dread from a knowledge of the future?" replied Roderick, with an air of haughty presumption. "If good be destined me, I shall enjoy it by anticipation; if evil, I shall arm myself to meet it." So saying, he rashly broke the lock.

Within the coffer he found nothing but a linen cloth, folded between two tables of copper. On unfolding it, he beheld painted on it figures of men on horseback, of fierce demeanor, clad in turbans and robes of various colors, after the fashion of the Arabs, with cimetas hanging from their necks, and crossbows at their saddle backs, and they carried banners with various devices. Above them were inscribed in Greek characters, "Rash monarch! behold the men who are to hurl thee from thy throne, and subdue thy kingdom."

At the sight of these things the king was troubled in spirit, and dismay fell upon his attendants. While they were yet regarding the paintings, it seemed as if the figures began to move, and a faint sound of warlike tumult arose from the cloth, with the clash of cymbal and the bray of trumpet, the neigh of steed and the shout of army; but all was heard indistinctly, as if afar off, or in a reverie or dream. The more they gazed, the plainer became the motion, and the louder the noise, and more distinct; and the linen cloth rolled forth, and amplified, and spread out, as it were a mighty banner, and filled the hall, and mingled with the air, until its texture was no longer visible, or appeared in a transparent cloud; and the shadowy figures became all in motion, and the din and uproar became fiercer; and whether the whole were an animated picture or a vision, or an array of embodied spirits, conjured up by supernatural power, no one present could tell. They beheld before them a great field of battle, where Christians and Moslems were engaged in deadly conflict. They heard the rush and tramp of steeds, the blast of trump and clarion, the clash of cymbal, and the stormy din of a thousand drums. There was the clash of swords and maces, and battle axes, with the whistling of arrows and the hurrying of darts and lances. The Christians quailed before the foe; the infidels pressed upon them, and put them to utter rout; the standard of the cross was cast down, the banner of Spain was trodden under foot, the air resounded with the shouts of triumph, with yells of fury, and with the groans of dying men. Amidst the flying squadrons, King Roderick beheld a crowned warrior, whose back was turned towards him but whose armor and device were his own, and who was mounted on a white steed that resembled his own war horse Orelia.—In the confusion of flight, the warrior was dismounted, and was no longer to be seen, and Orelia galloped wildly through the field of battle without a rider.

Roderick stayed to see no more, but rushed from the fatal hall, followed by his terrified attendants. They fled through the outer chamber, where the gigantic figure with the whirling mace, had disappeared from the pedestal; and on issuing into the open air, they found the two ancient guardians of the tower lying dead at the portals, as though they had been crushed by some mighty blow. All nature, which had been clear and serene, was now in wild uproar. The heavens were darkened by heavy clouds; loud bursts of thunder rent the air, and the earth was deluged with rain and rattling hail.

The king ordered that the iron portal should be closed; and the cavaliers were dismayed by the tremendous turmoil and the mingled shouts and groans that continued to prevail within. The king and his train hastened back to Toledo, pursued and pelted by the tempest. The mountains shook and echoed with thunder, trees were uprooted and blown down, and the Tagus raged and roared, and flowed above its banks. It seemed to the affrighted courtiers as if the phantom legions of the tower had issued forth and mingled with the storm; for amid the claps of thunder, and the howling of the wind, they fancied they heard the sound of the drums and trumpets, the shouts of armies, and the rush of steeds. Thus beaten by tempest, and overwhelmed with horror, the king and his courtiers arrived at Toledo, clattering across the bridge of the Tagus, and entering the gate in headlong

confusion, as though they had been pursued by an enemy.

In the morning the heavens were again serene, and all nature was restored to tranquility. The king, therefore, issued forth with his cavaliers and took the road to the tower, followed by a great multitude, for he was anxious once more to close the iron door and shut up those evils that threatened to overwhelm the land. But lo! on coming in sight of the tower, a new wonder met their eyes. An eagle appeared high in the air, seeming to descend from heaven. He bore in his beak a burning brand, and lighting on the summit of the tower, fanned the fire with his wings. In a little while the edifice burst forth in a blaze, as though it had been built of resin, and the flames mounted into the air with a brilliancy more dazzling than the sun, nor did they cease until every stone was consumed, and the whole was reduced to a heap of ashes. Then there came a vast flight of birds, small of size and sable of hue, darkening the sky like a cloud; and they descended and wheeled in circles round the ashes, causing so great a wind with their wings, that the whole was borne up into the air and scattered throughout all Spain; and wherever a particle of those ashes fell, it was a stain of blood. It is furthermore recorded by ancient men and writers of former days, that all those on whom this dust fell were afterwards slain in battle, when the country was conquered by the Arabs, and that the destruction of this necromantic tower was a sign and token of the approaching perdition of Spain.

THE BARBER AND PASTRY COOK.

In the Rue de la Harpe, which is a long, dismal and ancient street, in the Faubourg St. Marcell, is a space or gap in the line of buildings upon which formerly stood two houses, in instead of which now stands a melancholy memorial, signifying that upon this spot no human habitation shall be erected—no human being shall ever reside.

Curiosity will of course be greatly excited to ascertain what was the reason that rendered this devoted spot so obnoxious to humanity, and yet so interesting to history.

Two attached and opulent neighbors, residing in some province not very remote from the French capital, having occasion to go to town on money transactions, agreed to travel thence and return together, which was to be done with as much expedition as possible. They were on foot, a very common way even at present, for persons of much respectability to travel in France, and were attended as most pedestrians, by a faithful dog.

Upon their arrival at the Rue de la Harpe, they stepped into the shop of a perquier to be shaved, before they would proceed on their business or enter into the most fashionable streets. So limited was their time, and so peremptory was their return, that the first man who was shaved proposed to his companion that while he was undergoing the operation of a razor, he who was already shorn, would run to execute a small commission in the neighborhood, promising that he would be back before the other was ready to move. For this purpose he left the shop of the barber.

On returning, to his great surprise and vexation, he was informed his friend was gone; but as the dog which belonged to the absentee, was sitting on the outside of the door, the other presumed he was only gone but for a moment in pursuit of him, he chatted with the barber while he waited his return.

Such a considerable time elapsed, that the stranger now became quite impatient. He went in and out, up and down the street; still the dog remained stationed at the door.

"Did he leave no message?"
"No."

All the barber knew was, that when he was shaved he went away.

The dog remaining stationed at the door was to the traveller, conclusive evidence that his master was not far off. He went in and out, and up and down again. Still no signs of him whatever.

Impatience now became alarm; alarm soon became sympathetic. The poor animal exhibited marks of restlessness in yelps and in howlings, which so affected the sensibility of the stranger, that he threw out some insinuations not much to the credit of "Monsieur." An altercation ensued, and the traveller was indignantly ordered to quit his boutique.

Upon quitting the shop, he found it impossible to remove the dog from the door. No whistling, no calling, no patting would do. Stir he would not. In his agony, this afflicted man raised a crowd about the door, to whom he told his lamentable story. The dog became an object of universal interest, and of close attention. He shivered and he howled; but no seduction, no caressing, no experiment could make him desert his post.

By some of the populace it was proposed to send for the police, by others was proposed a remedy more summary, namely, to force in and search the house, which was immediately done. The crowd now burst in. Every apartment was searched in vain. There was no trace whatever

of the countryman. During this investigation, the dog still remained sentinel at the shop door, which was bolted within to keep out the crowd, which was immense outside.

After fruitless search and much altercation, the barber, who had prevailed upon those who had forced in to quit his house, came to the door and was haranguing the populace, declaring most solemnly his innocence, when the dog suddenly sprung upon him, flew at his throat with such terrible exasperation, that his victim fainted, and was with the greatest difficulty rescued from being torn to pieces. The dog seemed in a state of intellectual agony and fury.

It was now proposed to give the animal his way, to see what course he would pursue. The moment he was let loose, he flew through the shop, and darted down stairs into a dark cellar, where he set up the most dismal lamentations. Lights being procured, an aperture was discovered in the wall, communicating to the next house, which was immediately surrounded and in the cellar whereof was found the body of the unfortunate man who had been missing. The person who kept this shop was a patissiere, or a pastry cook.

It is unnecessary to say that these miscreants were brought up to trial and executed. The facts that appeared upon further trial, and afterwards upon confession were these:

The incautious travellers, while in the shop of his friend, unhappily talked of the money they had about them, and the wretch, who was a robber and a murderer by profession, as soon as the one turned his back, drew his razor across the throat of the other and plundered him.

The remainder of the story is almost too horrible for human ears, but is not on that account the less credible.

The pastry cook, whose shop was so remarkable for savory pastries, that they were sent for to the Rue de la Harpe, from the most distant part of Paris, was the accomplice of the perquier, and those who were murdered by the razor of one were concealed by the knife of the other, in those identical pastries, by which, independently of his partnership in those frequent robberies, he had made a fortune.

This case was of so terrific a nature, it was made part of the sentence of the law, that besides the execution of these monsters upon the rack, the houses in which they perpetrated those infernal deeds should be pulled down that the spot on which they stood should be marked out to posterity with horror and with execration.
—French Paper.

THE DADE MASSACRE.

The Boston Post publishing the following interesting account of the massacre of Major Dade's detachment in Florida, in December, 1835, taken from the lips of Ransom Clark, the sole survivor of that dreadful action, who is now in Boston:

"Our detachment, consisting of 117 men, under command of Major Dade, started from Fort Brooke, Tampa Bay, on the 23d of December, and arrived at the scene of action about eight o'clock on the morning of the 28th. It was on the edge of a pond, three miles from the spot where we had bivouacked on the night previous. The pond was surrounded by tall grass, brush, and small trees. A moment before we were surprised, Major Dade said to us—'We have now got through all danger; keep up good heart, and when we get to Fort King, I'll give you three days for Christmas.'

"At this time we were in a path, or trail, on the border of the pond; and the first notice that we received of the presence of the enemy, was the discharge of a rifle by their chief, as a signal to commence the attack. The pond was on our right, and the Indians were scattered round, in a semicircle, on our left, in the rear, and in advance—reaching at the two latter points to the edge of the pond; but leaving an opening for our entrance on the path, and a similar opening on the other extremity for the egress of our advanced guard, which was permitted to pass through without being fired on, and of course unconscious of the ambushade thro' which they had marched. At the time of the attack this guard was about a quarter of a mile in advance, the main body following in column, two deep. The Chief's rifle was followed by a general discharge from his men, and Major Dade, Captain Frazier, and Lieut. Mudge, together with several non-commissioned officers and privates, were brought down by the first volley. Our rear guard had a six-pounder, which, as soon as possible, was hauled up, and brought to bear upon the ground occupied by the unseen enemy, secreted among the grass, brush and trees. The discharge of the cannon checked, and made them fall back, for about half an hour. About twelve of us advanced, and brought in our wounded and the arms, leaving the dead. Among the wounded was Lieutenant Mudge, who was speechless. We set him up against a tree, and he was found there two months after, when Gen. Gaines sent a detachment to bury the bodies of our soldiers. All hands then commenced throwing up a

small triangular breastwork of logs; but just as we had raised it about two feet, the Indians returned, and renewed the engagement. A part of our troops fought within the breastwork, and a part outside. I remained outside till I received a ball in my right arm, and another near my right temple, which came out at the top of my head. I next received a shot in my thigh, which brought me down on my side, and I then got into the breastwork. We gave them forty-nine discharges from the cannon; and while loading for the fiftieth, the last shot we had, our match went out. The Indians chiefly levelled at the men who worked the cannon. In the meantime the main body of our troops kept up a general fire with musketry.

"The loss of the enemy must have been very great, because we never fired until we had fixed on our men; but the cannon was necessarily fired at random, as only two or three Indians appeared together. When the firing commenced the advance guard wheeled, and, in returning to the main body, were entirely cut up. The battle lasted till about four in the afternoon, and I was about the last one who handled a gun, while lying on my side. At the close I received a shot in my right shoulder, which passed into my lungs; the blood gushed out of my mouth in a stream, and dropping my musket, I rolled over on my face. The Indians then entered the breastwork, but found not one man standing to defend it. They secured the arms, ammunition, and the cannon, and despatched such of our fallen soldiers as they supposed still to be alive. Their negroes then came in to strip the dead. I had by this time somewhat revived, and a negro observed that I was not dead, took up a musket, and shot me in the top of the shoulder, and the ball came out at my back. After firing, he said 'There, d—n you, take that.' He then striped me of every thing but my shirt.

"The enemy then disappeared to the left of the pond, and, through weakness and apprehension, I remained still, till about nine o'clock at night. I then commenced crawling on my knees and left hand. As I was crawling over the dead, I put my hand one one man, who felt different from the rest—he was warm and limber. I roused him up, and found it was DeCourcy, an Englishman, and the son of a British officer, resident in Canada. I told him that it was best we should attempt to travel, as the danger appeared to be over, and we might fall in with some assistance. As he was only wounded in the side and arm, he could walk a little. We got along as well as we could that night, continued on till next noon, when, on a rising ground, we observed an Indian ahead, on horseback, loading his rifle. We agreed that he should go on one side of the road, and I on the other. The Indian took after De Courcy, and I heard the discharge of his rifle. This gave me time to crawl into a hammock, and hide away. The Indian soon returned, with his arms and legs covered with blood, having, no doubt, according to custom, cut DeCourcy to pieces, after bringing him down with his rifle. The Indian came riding through the brush in pursuit of me, and approached within ten feet, but gave up the search. I then resumed my route back to Fort Brooke, crawled and limped through the nights and forenoons, and slept in the brush during the middle of the day, with no other nourishment than cold water. I got to Fort Brooke on the evening of the fifth day; and in five months afterwards was discharged as a pensioner, at eight dollars per month. The doctor attributes my not dying of my wounds to the circumstance, that I bled a good deal, and did not partake of any solid food during the five first days.

"Two other soldiers, by the name of Thomas and Sprague, also came in afterwards. Although badly wounded, they ascended a tree, and thus escaped the enemy, on the evening of the battle. They joined another expedition, two months after, but before their wounds were healed, and they soon died of them."

MOUNT SINAI.

From incidents of travels in Egypt, &c.
BY AN AMERICAN.

"At eight o'clock I was breakfasting; the superior was again at my side, again offered all that the convent could give, urging me to stay a month, a fortnight, a week, at least to spend that day with him, and repose myself after the fatigues of my journey; but from the door of the little room in which I sat I saw the holy mountain, and I longed to stand on its lofty summit. Though feeble and far from well, I felt the blood of health again coursing in my veins, and congratulated myself that I was not so hackneyed in feeling as I had once supposed. I found, and I was happy to find, for the prospective enjoyment of my farther journey, that the first tangible monument in the history of the Bible, the first spot that could be called holy ground, raised in me feelings that had not been awakened by the most classic ground of Italy and Greece, or the proudest monuments of the arts in Egypt.

"Continuing our ascent, the old monk still leading the way, in about a quarter of an hour we came to the table